

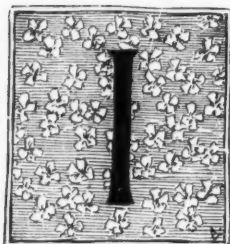
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PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 13, 1904.  
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.



#### BALLADE OF DREAMS.

If I had time, I should like to dream, —  
But not as poets and dreamers may  
Of realms and castles that only seem,  
And hopes that never fulfill their day;  
But, had I time and my own sweet way,  
I think I'd stay in my den, and brew  
A pleasant vision of things that pay, —  
The dreams that once in awhile come true.

If I had time, I would build no scheme  
To please my soul for a moment's sway;  
I'd hit no pipe for an instant's gleam  
Of dazzling riches of far Cathay;  
But give me only my pipe of clay,  
And let me smoke till the air is blue,  
And dream, while holding my fears at bay,  
The dreams that once in awhile come true.

Away with musings on heights supreme;  
(Who falls therefrom is a nightmare's prey)  
I'd have it possible to redeem  
An honest fancy, without delay,  
For aught of worth as a staff and stay  
To keep me going, and see me through.  
Ah me, — a change from the whimsey's play, —  
The dreams that once in awhile come true.

#### L'ENVOI.

The dreams that render rewards, I say!  
But, after all, 't is the straggling few  
That share, before they are old and gray,  
The dreams that once in awhile come true

Frank W. Hunt

#### MIGHT BE DISMISSED IN DISGRACE.

REPORTER (to LORD GOODFELLER, on his arrival in New York).—You are a member of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, of London, are you not?

HIS LORDSHIP.—Why, e-r, ya-as; but foh heaven's sake, me good man, don't make a sensation oveh the fact that I'm sobeh.

#### HIS ROUTE LAID OUT.

GRADY.—Grogan do be afther tellin' me that his lad, Terry, do be sthage-struck.

DUGAN.—Do yez think the gosoon could support himsilf as an author?

GRADY.—Oi've no doubts about ut. Why, ivry toime Oi iver asked him t' have a dhrink he's stheered me up against a free lunch that would make Jawn D. Rockefeller ate.

THE LOVE of sunshine makes a market for a vast deal of moonshine.

#### MODERN.

The fairy godmother was about to touch the pumpkin with her wand.

"Oh, dear firstcausemother!" interposed Cinderella, who had become imbued with sundry modern ideas, "no coach, if you please. The prince is only a man, after all, and the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Turn the pumpkin into a pie, and leave me to pretend I made it all myself."

But hereupon it transpired that the forces of magic were not without their limitations.

#### MARY AND ANN.

"Ann," raved the lunatic, "is as old as Mary was when Mary was as old as Ann is now, although—"

Here the knightly chivalry which had been habitual with him, for an instant asserted itself.

"She does n't look it."

As to the glaring wrongs of the tariff, it appears that what can't be cured except on the eve of a general election, must be endured.



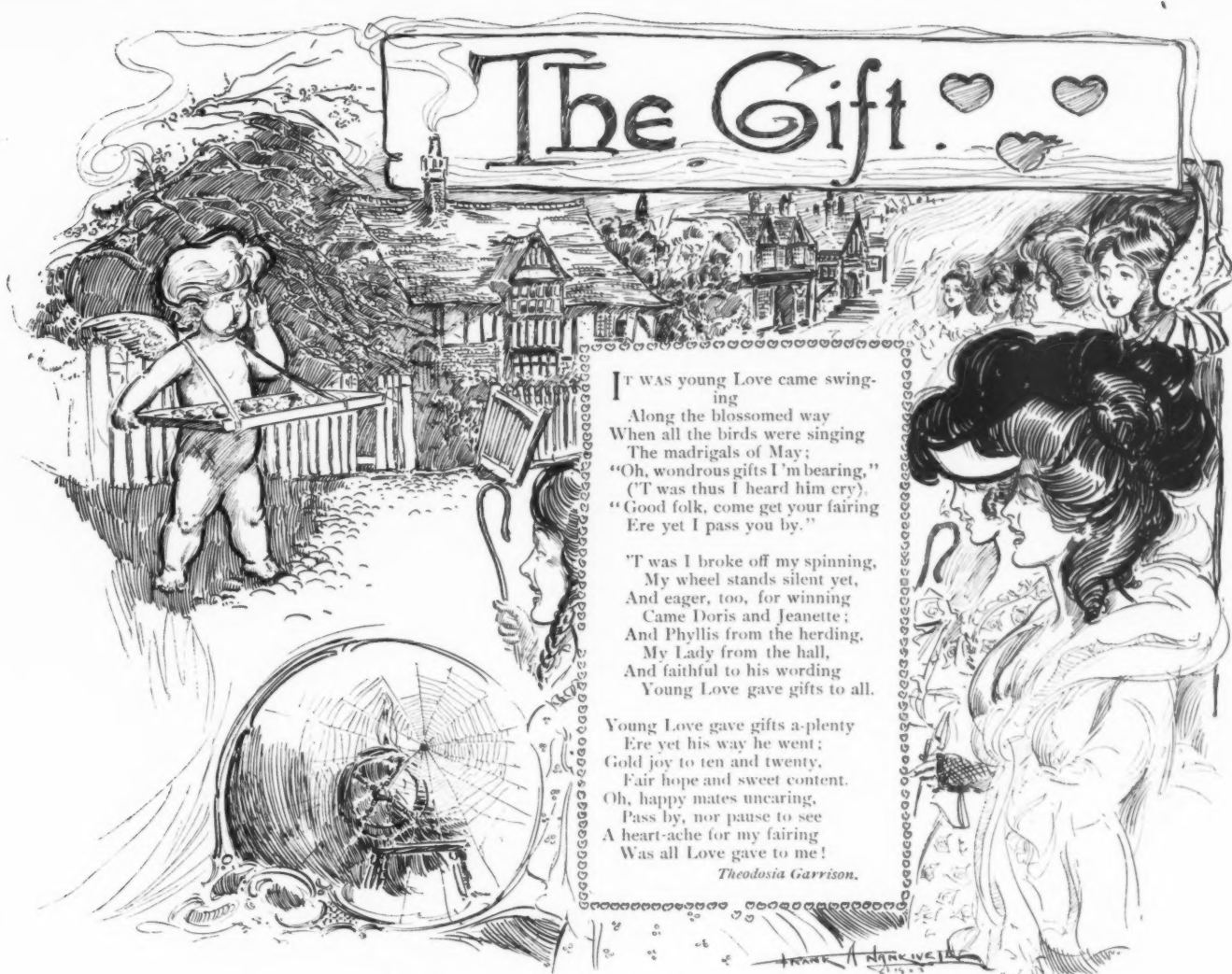
#### EFFECTIVE TALK.

"There is a good deal of talk to the effect that the duke will marry in America."

"Yes, the money of at least a dozen heiresses is talking all at once."

***It seems to be easier for a man to be good for a million than for a million to be good for a man.***





IT WAS young Love came swing-  
ing  
Along the blossomed way  
When all the birds were singing  
The madrigals of May;  
"Oh, wondrous gifts I'm bearing,"  
("T was thus I heard him cry"),  
"Good folk, come get your fairing  
Ere yet I pass you by."

"T was I broke off my spinning,  
My wheel stands silent yet,  
And eager, too, for winning  
Came Doris and Jeanette;  
And Phyllis from the herding,  
My Lady from the hall,  
And faithful to his wording  
Young Love gave gifts to all.

Young Love gave gifts a-plenty  
Ere yet his way he went;  
Gold joy to ten and twenty,  
Fair hope and sweet content.  
Oh, happy mates uncaring,  
Pass by, nor pause to see  
A heart-ache for my fairing  
Was all Love gave to me!

Theodosia Garrison.

#### A PHILORETROSPECTION.

IN THE little old yellow schoolhouse which I infested, to a certain extent, in my small-boyhood's glad days, there reigned a master who had an unusual way, presumably original with himself, of having us spell long words. Take our old friend "Constantinople," for instance; this is the fashion in which we were compelled to fight it:

"C-o-n, con—there's your con; s-t-a-n, stan—there's your stan, there's your constan; t-i, ti—there's your ti, there's your stan-ti, there's your constanti; n-o, no—there's your no, there's your ti-no, there's your stan-ti-no, there's your con-stan-ti-no; p-l-e, ple—there's your ple, there's your no-ple, there's your ti-no-ple, there's your stan-ti-no-ple, there's your con-stan-ti-no-ple, there's your Constantinople."

Our preceptor's idea was, I believe, that the constant repetitions could not fail to get the component parts of the word, and, consequently, the word itself, firmly fixed in our youthful minds. So we would toil on, going back, grabbing up, dragging forward, going back for more; and so on, repeating and gabbling over and over a lot of gibberish that we already knew and did n't care anything about, and which, I am persuaded, would not have been an irreparable loss to us if we had n't known it. Looking back, I sometimes fancy that our dear

teacher's plan of spelling very much resembled a great deal of the talk, conversation and oratory which we encounter to-day, also a goodly part of the rest of the speaking—public, private, after-dinner, confidential, reminiscent; from the stump and rostrum; at the conclave, the convocation and the convention; lectures, elocutionary outburst, addresses of welcome, valedictories, eulogies, auctions, and a great many other and-so-forths. But, of course, I am no speaker, myself.

Tom P. Morgan.



#### HOUSEHOLD AMENITIES.

Mr. Simian seeks a place of safety before discharging the cook.

#### MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a lottery?  
Not by all the twinkling stars!  
Marriage is a pottery,  
Where are made the family jars!

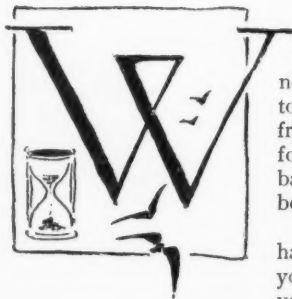
#### LOW.

"Do you find him a little lower than the angels?"  
A shadow swept over the fine face of the woman of property.  
"I don't know. I never priced angels," she replied, after a moment's thought.

IF TIME is money, it may be doubted if a castle in the air is apt to be worth the cost of construction.

EFFEMINATE means womanish. Is it correct, then, to call a man effeminate who has no enemies, or, if he has, is never known to kiss them and tell them how pretty they look?

THE GREAT POLYVILLE STRIKE.



WHEN, at eight o'clock, with his usual brisk tread, Mr. Questly entered the Beehive building he had no idea that he was going to be so much trouble to the world at large. At the eighth floor he stepped from the cage and strode into his office. Here he found, almost the first thing, that his waste-paper basket had not been emptied, and his desk had not been dusted. He called the office-boy.

"Look at that desk!" he commanded. "Why has n't it been dusted? Look at that basket! Do you intend to empty it once a week, or twice a year?"

"Went to me grandmother's funeral," mumbled the boy.

"You did, did you! That's the third time, is n't it?"

"Me grandfather he was married three times," explained the office-boy, sulkily.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Questly, thoroughly irate. "Now you get out! Skip! Skat! Scoot!"

"Givin' me the sack, is it?" said the boy. "F' what?"

"For everything under the sun!" declared Mr. Questly. "Everything bad, I mean. Skedaddle!"

"You've got to gimme notice," asserted the office-boy, with an angry shuffle. "You gimme notice 'fore I'm fired. See?"

"All right. You've had your notice. That's the end of it."

"Don't you fool yourself; this ain't no 'end,' you bet your whiskers!" retorted the office-boy. "Wait till I sic the union on you. You'll wish I'd a-buried *you*—you old lobster, you!"

And out he went, banging the door behind him. Mr. Questly proceeded to read the early mail. Presently he was aroused by the intrusion, through his private door, of a youth who advanced, hat on head, and asked, abruptly:

"Is dis de boss?"

"Yes," informed Mr. Questly, glaring up.

"Billy says you've trun 'im down widdout warnin'."

"Who are *you*?" demanded Mr. Questly.

"I'm de Chief Adjuster of de Amalgamated Order of Office Boys—dat's all," answered the youth, calmly. "Say, now, partner, don't you t'ink you'd better take Billy back? De union won't stan' fer no such fire as you gave him—hones' it won't."

"Go to the devil!" snapped Mr. Questly.

"Tanks!" And the intruder strolled out.

Mr. Questly proceeded with his mail. A shrill whistle sounded, and the corridor echoed with a rush of feet and a medley of voices.

"By Jove! That's the deuce of a note, Questly," protested Brown, of 86. "Every boy in the building has struck!"

"So?" commented Mr. Questly. "Well, let 'em strike."

"It's because you discharged Billy. What's the matter?"

"His grandmothers are the victims of an epidemic, and I thought it unsafe to have him around," replied Mr. Questly.

"But boys will be boys, you know," hazarded Brown.

Mr. Questly made no answer to this observation, so with an aggrieved, "It's mighty inconvenient," Brown retired.

Mr. Questly finished his mail. His fingers having gathered some of the dust that lay upon his desk, he stepped to the closet to wash them. The faucet refused to work, and he hailed an elevator, to send word to the janitor.

"Janitors are off," announced the elevator man, coolly.

"Off!" ejaculated Mr. Questly. "But my water faucet can't be shut; water's running in a stream. It's got to be fixed!"

"Goin' do-o-o-wn!" warned the elevator man.

Mr. Questly sprang in.

"Yes, the janitors have struck," affirmed the agent of the building. "Sorry, but they've all gone out in sympathy with the office-boys. What's the trouble with that kid of yours? Can't you take him back?"

"Nop!" assured Mr. Questly, shortly.

(Continued on Page Ten.)



ONE METHOD.

MISTRESS.—Now, Bridget, when you want to leave, I shall expect you to give me two weeks' notice!

BRIDGET.—Oh always do, mum,—and have jusht foive minutes afterward.

**D**yspepsia often makes people religious. This is what is meant by the digestive tract.



# PUCK



## WHERE THE TICKETS ARE SOLD.

THE MANAGER (*before the first act*).—Now, look here, Miss Darling, I don't want you to delay the curtain on an opening night.  
THE LEADING LADY.—Oh, fudge! How 's the sale?  
THE MANAGER.—Not a seat to be had on the sidewalk!

## THE WALLFLOWER.

I NEVER saw a sweeter countenance,  
Or one that wore quite such a hopeful mien;  
Where'er I chanced to sit I found her glance  
Leveled upon me. I had never seen

Smile more bewitching, and her dreamy eyes  
Appealed to mine with tender reticence,  
Her rose-blown cheeks flushed in a modest guise  
Of crimson maiden blushes. Yet a sense

Of cold indifference swept o'er my heart,  
To see her unattended and alone—  
A picture on the wall must look its part,  
And picture frames have duties of their own!

Robert C. McElravy.



## NO OPINION.

THE CUR.—I wonder why he does n't shoot, Ma.  
THE BEAR.—Can't say. Not being a Wall Street bear, I never indulge in speculation.

## BRAIN.

The brain is an important organ, serving as it does to keep the head from collapsing. Almost all styles of doing the hair call for a head of some sort. Again, there is nothing like a head to set off a fine neck. Finally, we should feel rather foolish without our heads.

For a long time scientists were unable to discover why it is that the brain is divided into white and gray matter. It remained for a clever French savant to resolve the difficulty.

"Quite likely," said he, "the loud colors had not yet come in, when man was created."

Psychology deals with the organic aspect of thought. To psychology we owe the knowledge that calf's brain makes good soup.

## HIS CONDITION.

"When a man has a proposal of marriage made to him," remarked the Pruntytown Philosopher, ruminatingly, "he is a good deal like the average city girl in a country cow-pasture—he don't know whether to run, climb, or pray."

MANY A GENIUS has been considered a fool and, too often, he was merely a different kind of fool than the one he was considered.



## EXTRAORDINARY.

"That piece of property is mortgaged for all it is worth."  
"Is that all? I thought it belonged to a 'trust'."

## WONDERFUL WILL-POWER.

FRIEND (*on January 7th*).—Made any New Years' resolutions?

ARCTIC EXPLORER.—Swore off Pole-hunting, as usual, but I don't know whether I can stand it another week or not.

## EMPTY HONOR.

Though with the poet we agree,  
Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
We note sometimes 't is not before  
The referee has counted ten.



THE ONLY WAY HOME.

TOM.—The doctor told Ferdie to take long walks, too.

BESSIE.—Did he do it?

TOM.—Oh, yes! He went to the race-track regularly and bet all he had on sure things!

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**V**anity likes to be fed, but, if necessary, it can supply its own nourishment.



# PUCK



## PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Wednesday, January 13, 1904. — No. 1402.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**MARK AND HIS FRIENDS.** RIGHT AND proper is it, according to all available precedent, that Hanna, the statesman, should be "profoundly touched" by his exuberant presidential boom. He has said as much, in fact, on several occasions and though forced by personal reasons to discourage the movement, he has not failed to thank most feelingly the appreciative friends who have so substantially complimented him. But is it a compliment which they pay him? Is it as much of an honor, informal but comforting, as at first sight it seems? The advocates of Hanna are obviously the antagonists of Roosevelt. It is not that they love the Senator less, but they dislike the President more. And those who, with bubbling ardor, now urge the former's candidacy, by no means place their idol in an ideal light. They intimate, and with slim chance of being misunderstood, that Hanna is the antithesis of Roosevelt and that those things which the President stands for and toward which he works systematically, will lie dormant and dust-covered should the Senator be his successor. The publicity plan for trusts, the war on defiers of Inter State Commerce laws, the cleansing of the Post Office, the passage of the Cuban treaty, the settling of the coal strike on the verge of Winter, the stand for freedom of labor in the Miller case—these, they imply, would never have been, had Hanna, instead of Roosevelt, sat in the White House; and further, that they will never be, if Hanna, and not Roosevelt, is placed there next term. This, then, is the graceful compliment paid to Hanna by his friends: that the public service which Roosevelt has undeniably rendered will be checked effectually and in future suspended through the Senator's election. It is, forsooth, most genuinely complimentary. And we would not blame the Senator, not in the least degree, should he utterly fail to voice his gratitude.

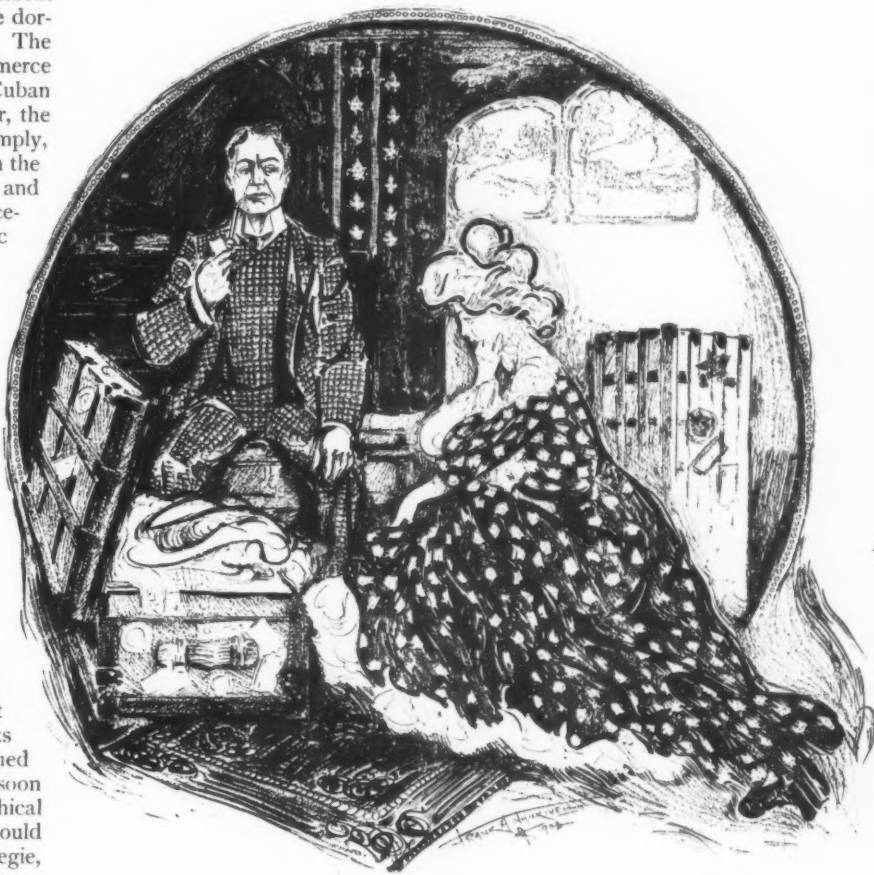
### PHILANTHROPY'S LATEST DISGUISE.

THE SWEEPING cut in wages by the Carnegie Steel Company should fire the man whose name it bears with philanthropic zeal. We trust that, wherever he is, he will see and recognize his opportunity and seeing, make the most of it. While, of course, as Mr. Carnegie says, the boy reared in riches is deeply to be pitied, and while it is equally plain that an admirable way to offset this calamity is to cut materially his father's pay in mid-winter, converts to so advanced a doctrine can not suddenly be made. Mental training is necessary to properly prepare the subject's mind. And there is no better place for mental training than a well stocked, nicely lighted library, of the sort which Mr. Carnegie donates. Guided in their choice of books by a sympathetic librarian, and their reading course pursued with earnestness and system, the men of Homestead would soon replace their grievance as to wages with genuine, philosophical rejoicing. Their gladness would increase with time and they would whistle at their work, knowing full well that even Mr. Carnegie, their benefactor, could never elude the curse of a rich demise so completely and so neatly as they. That is why we secretly wonder — we have no means of verification — if the wage reduction in the Carnegie steel plant is not a new and novel form of modern philanthropy; — or at least an incipient stage.

### AS TO PEOPLE WHO THINK.

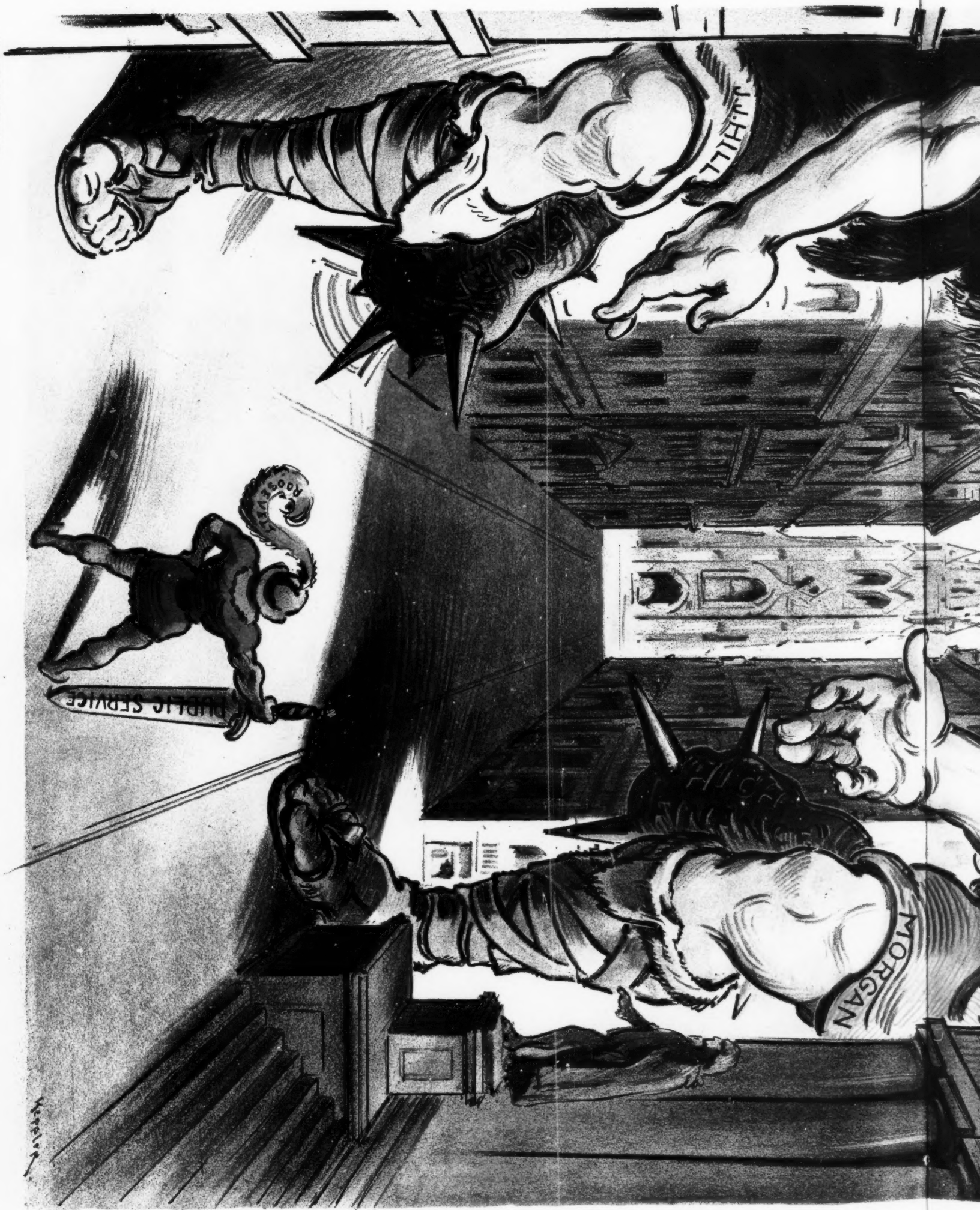
THAT WAS indeed a vicious blow which Perry Heath aimed at the Postal inquirers. With the air of a man with a disclosure to make, and committed to the stand that deception is an evil, he freed his mind of an accumulating burden. The men who have been delving in Post Office affairs, and incidentally in the affairs of the Hon. Mr. Heath, he described as "adventurers who have made capital out of their adopted profession of reforming." And, furthermore, who "do not command the respect of thinking people." It is easy, is it not, to picture Mr. Heath as he climaxed this exposure? His poise a pattern of relaxation and his face a chart of satisfaction at the thought that at last the truth was out. And that he, Heath, had liberated it. In saying, however, that the men concerned fail to command the respect of thinking people, this disciple of veracity made too general an announcement. It is pretty well agreed among unprejudiced persons that the measure of respect accorded by thinking people to the investigators of the Post Office depends very largely upon what thinking people think. Mr. Heath, for example, indulges in thought. So, no doubt, does Mr. Beavers. Mr. Machen, also, is a thinker of ability. In fact, since the era of indictments began, it is fair to state that all three of these gentlemen have done a vast amount of good, hard thinking; cogitating which admits them beyond peradventure to the class whose respect, according to Mr. Heath, the Post Office searchers can never command. But as thoughts differ in different intellects, so does the decent man's conception of the Postal investigation differ materially from that of Mr. Heath and his thoughtful associates. The thinking people, moreover, who in public service place honesty above corruption, personal integrity above organized graft, and upright conduct above that of the downright sneak, not only respect "the adventurers," to whom Mr. Heath so cuttingly refers, but admire them exceedingly and wish them a happy and highly prosperous new year in a second series of adventures, as stirring as the first. When next he discourses on thinking people, Mr. Heath should see that his topic is subdivided.

WHAT'S more, peace hath her victories without causing any outbursts of magazine literature.



### DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

SHE. — And we're taking nothing that is n't absolutely indispensable.  
HER HUSBAND. — Of course not. The only question is which of the absolutely indispensable things we'll have to do without.

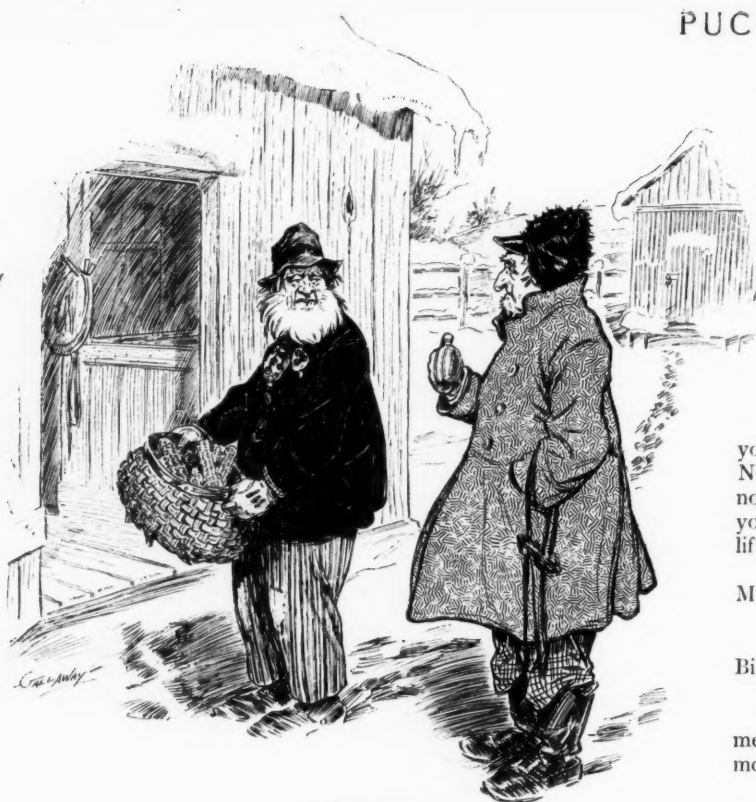


J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

JACK AND THE WALL STREET GIANTS.







QUALIFIED.

"Josh Medder's son Bill is a director of a big trust in New York now."

"Gosh! When he lived here he did n't know beans."

"He don't now; that 's why they made him a director of th' trust."

THE GREAT POLYVILLE STRIKE.

(Continued from Page Four.)

"Well—it 's stirred up a dickens of a muss," sighed the agent. Even while they spoke, affairs in the building took another turn. When he again would use an elevator Mr. Questly found that not a one was moving. The cages stood empty, for the elevator-men had struck in sympathy with the janitors. Mr. Questly climbed to the eighth floor; there were others, climbing like himself, and it seemed to him that everybody whom he encountered glared accusingly at him. Breathless he attained his office and seated himself at his desk. The imprecations of unfortunates toiling up and down the stairs reached him faintly, but otherwise the great structure appealed to him as uncannily quiet. The water which had been running full force from the obstinate faucet ceased. The engineer of the building had struck in sympathy with the elevator-men!

Mr. Questly cowered in his chair. He felt like a criminal. Here he had tied up this whole building. But would he take Billy back? Never! No, not if the tenants hated him forever!

"Extra! Twelve o'clock extra! All about the big strike!" bellowed an urchin, sticking his head in upon Mr. Questly.

Mr. Questly bought. He learned that every office structure in the city was in a similar plight. Employees had gone out in a body. Furthermore, the Engineers were influencing the Building Trades, who would, of course, lead with them the Gasfitters and Electrical Workers, the latter of whom would draw with them the Motormen, who would call upon the street-car employees generally, who would ask the co-operation of the Cab Drivers and the various Railway Orders. Mr. Questly was appalled.

One by one the extras piled on his desk. He read that the Daily Order of Scrub-Women, had struck. The Scrub-Women were to receive the support of the Laundresses, the Laundresses of the Domestics, the Domestics of the Waiters, and the Waiters of the Clerks.

Although Mr. Questly had not been interviewed, most of the papers had him in. He saw his picture. He saw Billy's, too, with a sketch of Billy, a huge bunch of flowers in his hand, squirming through the transom of the office in which a hard-hearted employer had locked him.

Mr. Questly sat, morose and thoroughly alarmed, in his

office. Below him, stretching on all sides, was the great city, now strangely still. Business was suspended. Merchants and other business-men were many of them hungry, on account of the striking waiters. They could not reach their homes, unless by means of private carriages. Not a street-car or elevated train was stirring. Mr. Questly had managed to telephone his wife before the telephone girls joined the electrical workers, and had informed her of the crisis. She, likewise, was in a fix, for the first and second girl, the cook and the laundress had walked out together, and the nurse-maid never had returned with the baby.

It was now four o'clock. A deputation of gentlemen entered Mr. Questly's private office. They introduced themselves as the presidents of the trunk lines having headquarters in the city.

"We have come, Mr. Questly," said the spokesman, "to ask you if something can not be done by you to alleviate the situation. Not a train—not even a switch-engine is moving on our lines, east, north, south or west! Vast interests are at stake. We want to ask you, can not you take Billy back. Can not you take him back and lift this blockade?"

Mr. Questly was hungry. Mr. Questly wanted to get home. Mr. Questly was overwhelmed by a thousand doubts and fears.

"All right," he said, wearily.

The president of the Grand Eastern leaped to the door and Billy sauntered in.

"Mr. Questly says you can return," said the president.

"Me grandmother 's buried," vouchsafed Billy, mildly. "But me other grandfather he married three times, too, an' them grandmothers are liable to die any time, 'most."

"Very well," agreed Mr. Questly. "That is inevitable. Now empty the waste-paper basket—please."

The deputation of presidents, faces aglow with joy, bowed itself out. And the Order of Office-Boys went back to work, and the Janitors went back to work, and the Elevator-Men and the Scrub-Women; the Laundresses, the Domestics, the Waiters and the Clerks; the Engineers, the Building Trades, the Gasfitters and the Electrical Workers, the Telephone Employees, the Motor-Men, the Street-Car Employees, the Cab Drivers, the Teamsters and Delivery-Men, the Freight-Handlers and the Railway Orders.

The Beehive swarmed again; the city resumed its bustle; the country revived under the stimulus of moving trains; the janitor's assistant appeared and fixed Mr. Questly's faucet.

Mr. Questly telephoned his wife, and found that the nurse-maid had returned with the baby, that the girls were singing about their regular task, that the laundress had volunteered to put in an extra half-day, and that the cook was making a short-cake.

Mr. Questly sighed, donned his coat and went home

Edwin L. Sabin.



POLITIC.

"The rector said to-day, James, that the poor we have always with us."

"Yes, Miss Gwendolyn; even that 's better than 'aving them against us."



JACKSONVILLE ATLANTIC BEACH

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ST. AUGUSTINE. Under the management of Mr. J. P. GREAVES. Opens Wednesday, November 25, 1903. Closes Saturday, April 30, 1904.

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ORMOND-ON-THE-HALIFAX. Under the management of Messrs. ANDERSON & PRICE. Opens Monday, January 11, 1904. Closes Monday, April 11, 1904.

## Royal Poinciana

PALM BEACH-ON-LAKE-WORTH. Under the management of Mr. FRED STERRY. Opens Thursday, December 17, 1903. Closes Saturday, April 9, 1904. After Feb'y 1, will be operated on both American and European plans.

## The Breakers

PALM-BEACH-BY-THE-SEA. Under the management of Mr. FRED STERRY. Opens Monday, February 1, 1904. Closes Saturday, April 2, 1904.

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## The Colonial

NASSAU, N. P. (Bahama Islands). Under the management of Mr. H. E. REMIS. Opens Thursday, December 24, 1903. Closes Saturday, April 2, 1904.

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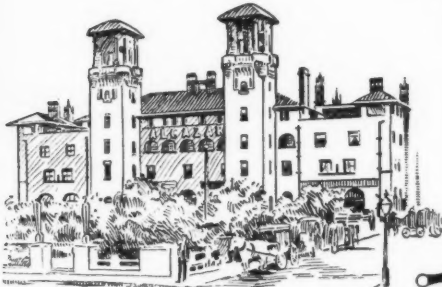
General Offices,  
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NASSAU



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Baltimore, Md.

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SHE.—Have you ever met my two dearest friends? They are just lovely and so devoted.

HE.—How long have you known them?

SHE.—Why, I've known Annette nearly ten days and Margaret almost a week.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

"I'm sorry," said the Private Secretary, "but the President will not see you."

"Try again, won't you?" persisted the White House visitor. "Tell him I'm the man in the brown hat that stood in the crowd when the Rough Riders left Tampa for the front."—*Philadelphia Press.*



HARD TO PLEASE.

THE GIRL.—He's just as cross as ever.

THE BOY.—Yes. Would n't you t'ink he'd be satisfied wit' all de faces I'm makin' for him?

JUST WANTED A CHANCE.

"Mister Jedge," called out the colored witness, after he had been on the stand a full hour, "kin I say one word, suh?"

"Yes," replied the judge. "What is it?"

"Hit's des dis, suh: Ef you'll des make de lawyers set down en keep still two minutes, en gimme a livin' chance, I'll whirl in en tell de truth!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

HIS DEFINITION OF GREATNESS.

"Don't you sometimes think you would be a greater man if you were to cultivate the art of oratory?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "A great man, as you know, is one who gets mentioned in the school-books after he is dead, instead of the financial columns of the newspapers while he is living."—*Washington Star.*

OUT OF THE RING.

"You reckon it's true dat Charity kivers a multitude 'er sinners in de col' weather?"

"It sho' is!"

"My, my! En ter think dat I in sich need er kiver, en went en give up my wickedness two weeks 'fore de winter come in!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

"T AIN'T no disgrace to love money," said Uncle Eben, "pervided you loves it well enough to buckle down an' work fur it."—*Washington Star.*

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THE FORTUNE TELLER.

You gwine ter live in a mansion high.  
En dey 'll see yo' carriage dashin' by;  
En you 'll have mo' gol'  
Dan yo' arms kin hol'.  
En you won't fergit me—bless yo' soul!  
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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**SIMPLE, STRONG and EASILY used.**

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

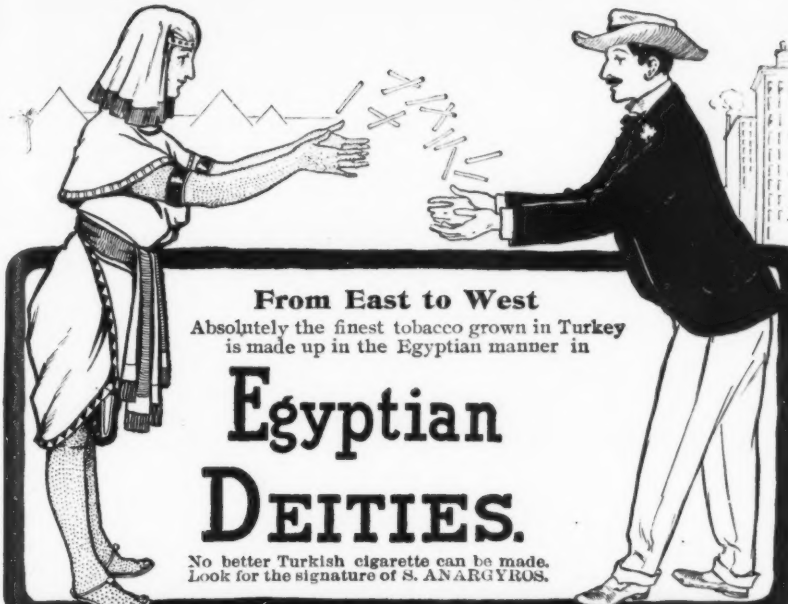
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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25¢ 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2¢ stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Absolutely the finest tobacco grown in Turkey  
is made up in the Egyptian manner in

# Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made.  
Look for the signature of S. ANAGYROS.

#### RELIEVING THE MONOTONY.

"No doubt you will appreciate your vacation a great deal."

"Yes," answered the leisurely member of Congress; "it's something of a relief to know that you can do nothing for a while in a private instead of an official capacity."—*Washington Star*.

#### WHICH?

DASHAWAY.—I was with Miss Twinkleton all last evening and we never spoke to each other.

CLEVERTON.—Quarrelling or making it up?—*Detroit Free Press*.



#### NOT GILT.

AUNT SAMANTHA.—That picture is valued at \$60,000.

UNCLE HIRAM.—By ginger! frame must be solid.

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.

On the ocean greyhound, relieve your seasickness with a pint of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

#### POLITICAL PRESTIDIGITATION.

"Don't you feel embarrassed with the eyes of the world upon you?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, as he signed another check; "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye."—*Washington Star*.

#### THE ESSENTIALS.

No home is complete without a bank-book and a cook-book.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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(A sample of letters we are constantly receiving.)

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Each cork is sealed with U. S. Stamp stating  
age and quantity in each bottle.

Every bottle contains full measure.

DEMAND OLD OVERHOLT RYE ASK FOR  
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AN INDIRECT BUT EFFECTIVE METHOD.

"I suppose," said the chemist, "that the secret of transmitting the baser metals into gold will never be discovered."

"Nonsense," answered the mining magnate. "I discovered that secret long ago. All you have to do is to choose your baser metal and then corner the market."—*Washington Star.*

PROOF ENOUGH.

"What makes you think she has a saving sense of humor?"

"Because she laughed so heartily when she described the way you proposed to her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"What is a 'Crystal Maze?'" asked Willie.

BOBBY (lately returned from the city).—Why, it's a place full of mirrors that you go into and meet yourself coming out.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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NO LAGGARD IN LOVE.

CINCINNATI HEIRESS.—And you really think the Duke is on the verge of proposing? You dear! What are the symptoms?

PITTSBURG HEIRESS.—I heard he cabled his London solicitors to take the next boat.

STRAIGHT.  
"What will you  
take with your  
Scotch, colonel?"  
"Scotch, sah."—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

**Trinidad, the Pearl of the Antilles.**  
The home of the most renowned of all tonics, Dr.  
Siegert's Angostura Bitters. All druggists and  
grocers.

THERE are lots of ugly men who do not look  
like Lincoln.—*Wash. Democrat.*

"What's a mono-  
logue?"  
"That's the sort  
of conversation you  
have with your wife."  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Use the Great English Remedy  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
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"Life is long but time is fleeting,  
To all our friends a merry  
greeting."

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10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.  
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BOY.

"Boys will be boys," said Mrs. Cornossel.

"That is n't what I object to," said her husband, as he looked over the tops of his glasses. "What I don't like is their starting right in at the age of seventeen to be men whose fathers can't tell them anything."—*Wash. Star.*

HER AMBITION.

"I can't teach that Grindle girl how to skate. It's no use trying."

"But why does she persist in wanting to learn?"

"Because she thinks she falls so gracefully."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

**I. W. Harper**  
**Rye.**  
"On Every Tongue."

For gentlemen who appreciate quality; for the weak who need to be strengthened; for the careful physician who requires purity; for everybody who knows a good thing. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

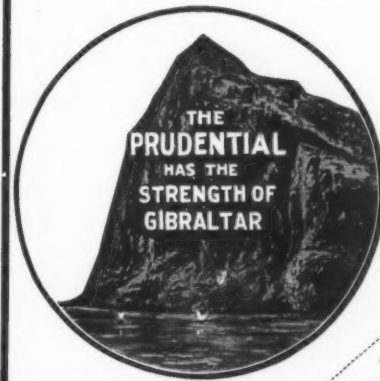
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We spoke to you about the advantages of Endowment Life Insurance. We told you how statistics show that there are over One Million Endowment Policies in force in this country, representing ultimate accumulations of over Two Billion Dollars. Also that 80 per cent. of the men who take Endowment Insurance at age 30, live to reap the reward of their foresight at the end of 20 years. We said that some interesting information would be sent on request. This offer is still open and you can avail yourself to-day. Suppose you do.

## THE PRUDENTIAL

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JOHN F. DRYDEN

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Home Office  
NEWARK, N. J.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

SEND THIS COUPON.

For.....

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Occupation.....Dept. P.

THE MISSING DETAIL.

"He is a man of very broad ideas and immense intellectual grasp."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "he is one of these people who can figure up into the millions, but who can't appreciate the importance of getting a dollar mark in front of the figures."—*Washington Star.*



INDIGESTIBLE SECURITIES.

CUSTOMER.—So you think you won't be able to sell this stock for me?

BROKER.—Why say, old man. I could n't sell that stock if I offered a box of dyspepsia tablets and a bottle of pepsin with every share.

**Evans'**  
**That's**  
**Ale**

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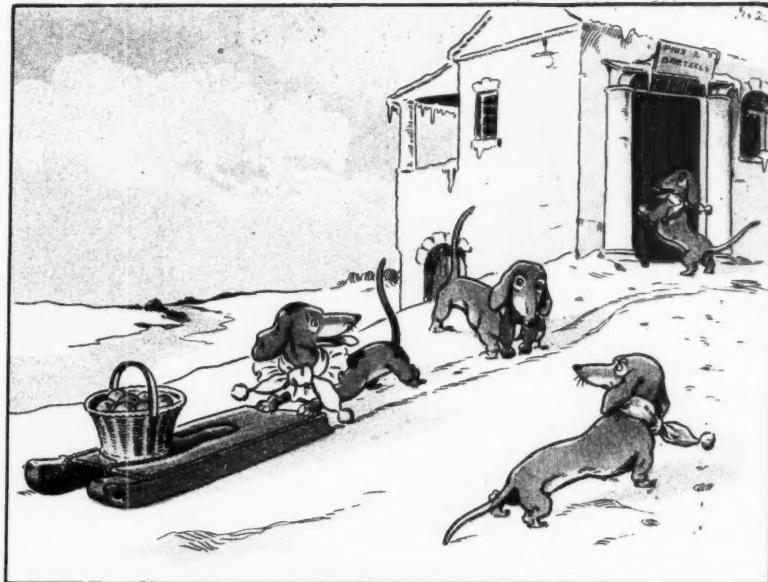
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NEW YORK

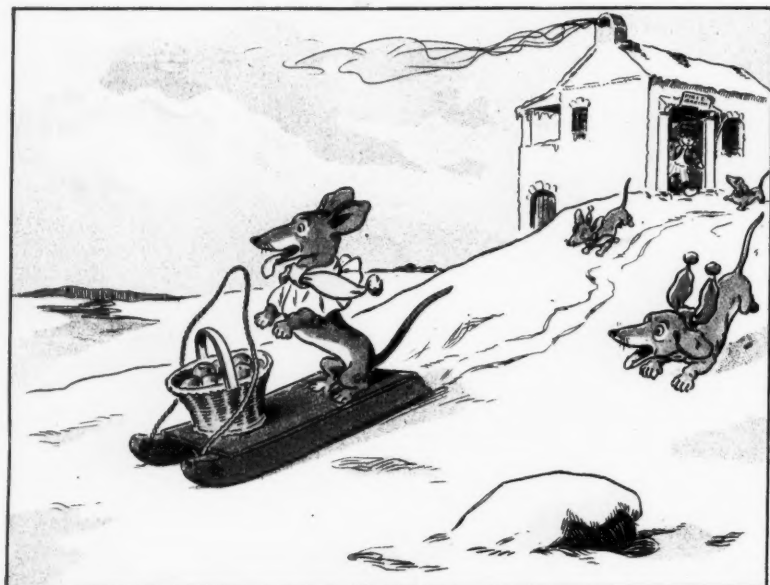
PUCK



I.  
"We'll watch him, Hans," the trio cried;  
"We'll keep him still, while you 're inside."



II.  
"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Dackel; "you 'll keep me still?  
I'd just like to see you. I'm going down hill."



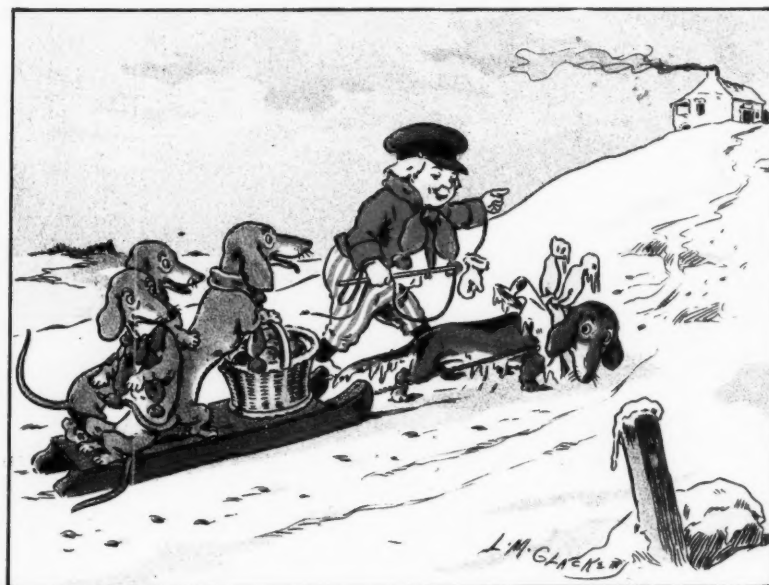
III.  
"I knew I could do it—it's easy to learn;  
I'll go into vaudeville and there do a turn."



IV.  
And whether in vaudeville or not, ne'ertheless,  
The turn that he did was a certain success.



V.  
"They tell me you 're stage-struck," said Hans, "and rehearsed;  
Perhaps—but we note you struck something else first."



VI.  
"And now, since variety's part of your trick,  
We'll give you a little. And that, double-quick."

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 22.